

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

History of Cultivated Vegetables: comprising their Botanical, Medicinal, Edible, and Chemical Qualities, Natural History, and Relation to Arts, Science, and Commerce. By Henry Phillips, Author of the 'History of Fruits known in Great Britain.' 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1822.

MR. PHILLIPS having, in his excellent work, the 'Pomarium Britannicum,' made us acquainted with the time when and place whence all our fruits have been derived, has now, with equal ability, given us a methodical, botanical, and medicinal history of cultivated vegetables. In both these works, Mr. Phillips combines much practical knowledge with diligent research, and, by interspersing much curious anecdote, renders his work at once pleasing and instructive. One objection, and one only, we have to make to the present volumes:—the author seems more anxious to accumulate statements and opinions than to record the ultimate and decisive facts, which the improved knowledge and experience of ages have deduced. This we rather attribute to diffidence in his own experience and skill, than to a deficiency in either. With expressing this opinion, we shall now proceed to an analysis of the work.

It was not until the reign of Henry the Eighth that English surgeons and apothecaries began to attend to the cultivation of medicinal herbs; there were then no public gardens, but several private ones; but as we have, in previous numbers of *The Literary Chronicle*, given succinct accounts of the rise and progress of Horticulture in England, as well as an account of the principal botanical Gardens in Europe, we shall omit Mr. Phillips's general view, and proceed with him to his details; and first of—

Asparagus.—The colony of the Joxides, in Garia, had a singular custom respecting asparagus, which, according to ancient tradition, owed its origin to the following story:—Perigone, having been pursued by Theseus, threw herself into a

place thickly filled with asparagus and reeds, and, prostrating herself, made a vow, that if these plants would hide her from Theseus, she would never pull or burn them. The lover's voice, however, succeeding in drawing his fair one from her hiding place, she surrendered to the entreaties of Theseus, and her descendants ever afterwards forbade the burning of asparagus.

'This vegetable first came into use, as food, about two hundred years before Christ, in the time of the elder Cato; and its qualities were probably discovered by this distinguished agriculturist.

'In Queen Elizabeth's time, asparagus was eaten, says Gerard, "sodden in flesh broth, or boiled in faire water, and seasoned with oile, vinegar, salt, and pepper, then served at men's table for a sallade."

Barley—is evidently a native of a warmer climate than Britain. We have the best authority [that of the Bible] for its having been cultivated in Syria so long back as 3132 years; therefore that part of the world may be fairly fixed as its native soil.

'The invention of malt liquor appears to have originated from the attention which an eastern monarch paid to the health of his army, as both Hippocrates and Xenophon inform us that Cyrus, having called his soldiers together, exhorted them to drink water wherein parched barley had been steeped, which they called *maza*. In all probability this was to counteract the bad effects of impure water in warm climates, as Pliny states, that if water be nitrous, brackish, and bitter, by putting fried barley meal into it, it will, in less than two hours, be purified and sweet, and that it may then be drank with safety; and this, says he, is the reason that barley meal is generally put in bags and strainers, through which we pass our wines, that they may be refined and drawn the sooner.

The Cabbage.—The Roman name, *Brassica*, came, as is supposed, from *præseco*, because it was cut off from the stalk: it was also called *Caulis* in Latin, on account of the goodness of its stalks, and from which the English name Cole, Colwort, or Colewort, is derived. The word cabbage, by which all the varieties of this plant are now improperly called, means the firm head or ball that is formed by the leaves turning close over each other; from that circumstance we say the cole has cabbaged, the let-

tuce has cabbaged, or the tailor has cabbaged.

"Your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages, whole yards of cloth."*

'From thence arose the cant word applied to tailors, who formerly worked at the private houses of their customers, where they were often accused of cabbaging; which means the rolling up pieces of cloth, instead of the lists and shreds, which they claim as their due.

'The Greeks held the cabbage in great esteem, and their fables deduce its origin from the father of their gods; for they inform us, that Jupiter, labouring to explain two oracles which contradicted each other, perspired, and from this divine perspiration the colewort sprang.'

'In the Economical Journal of France, the following method of guarding cabbages from the depredation of caterpillars, is stated to be infallible; and may, perhaps, be equally serviceable against those which infect other vegetables:

'Sow a belt of hemp-seed round the borders of the ground where the cabbages are planted, and although the neighbourhood be infected with caterpillars, the space inclosed by the hemp will be perfectly free, and not one of these vermin will approach it.

'We have known brocoli preserved from the injury of the severest winters, by being taken out of the ground late in the autumn, and replanted in a slanting direction. This experiment was made in the year 1819, with such success, that they all flowered in the following spring, although there was scarcely a single head out in all the extensive plantations at Fulham, that survived the inclemency of that winter.'

Caraways.—It is one of the greater hot seeds, and is esteemed stomachic, carminative, and diuretic; it dispels wind and strengthens digestion. When young, it is an excellent sallad herb.

'The seed cake formed one of the rural entertainments that the old English farmers made to reward their servants at the end of wheat-sowing, and which Tusser mentions next to the festival of harvest-home.

Cotton.—So wide and so beneficially is the influence of the cotton trade spread, that, to the knowledge of the author of this work, one individual in the metropolis pays annually from ten to twelve thousand pounds for the article of silver gilt wire, which he prepares for the manufactures of Paisley, to be woven in the

* Arbutnot's History of John Bull.

corner of each piece of muslin, in imitation of the Indian custom.

Fennel.—‘The common fennel is now but little used for culinary purposes, except as a sauce for mackarel. The French epicures keep their fish in the leaves of fennel, to make them firm. It is also used in France, in water sucré, and all fish soups.

‘The whole of the plant is good in soup or broth. It was formerly the practice to boil fennel with all fish, and it never would have been discontinued, had its virtues been more generally known; for it consumes the phlegmatic humour in which most fish abound, and which greatly annoys many persons who are fond of boiled fish. Our fishmongers should at all times have a plentiful supply of this hardy and wholesome herb, every part of which agrees so with the stomach.’

Flax or Line.—‘The Greeks made a linen of so fine a fabric from the flax, which they cultivated near Elis (now Belvidere) that it sold by weight, at the price of gold. This is the flax which Pliny calls *Byssus*, and from which a kind of lawn or tiffany was made. The same author says, a flax is now found out which will not consume in the fire; this he calls living flax, and says, he saw at a great feast, all the table cloths, napkins, and towels thrown into the fire, which received a cleanness and lustre from the flames, which no water could have given it. This kind of cloth was used at the royal obsequies and funerals to wrap round the corpses as a shroud or sheet, in order to preserve the ashes of the body from mixing with those of the wood of the funeral pile. Pliny adds, that this flax grew in the deserts of India, where the country is parched and burnt with the sun; he says it is difficult to be found, and as hard to be woven, being in short fibres. In its natural state, the colour was reddish, but by burning it became bright: it was esteemed as precious as oriental pearls. It does not appear by this account that the Romans were acquainted with its being a mineral substance.

‘The art of making this fossil linen is nearly lost, although John Baptist Porta, the inventor of the camera obscura, assures us that in his time (from 1445 to 1515) the spinning of asbestos was a thing known to every body at Venice; and it is said to be still in use by the princes of Tartary in burning their dead.

‘A handkerchief made of this substance, which Dr. Plott judges to be of a nature between stone and earth, was long since presented to the Royal Society of London. This has given several proofs of its resisting fire; and when taken out red hot it did not burn a piece of white paper, on which it was laid.’

‘The Emperor Alexander Severus, who was murdered in the year 535, A. D. was the first person who wore a linen shirt; but the general use of so necessary a garment did not become common till long after him.’

Hemp.—‘The sails and cordage of a first rate man of war require 180,000lbs. of rough hemp for their construction; and it is said to average five acres of land to produce a ton of hemp: thus one of those monstrous towers of human ingenuity that “Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war

To distant nations, or with sovereign sway
Awe the divided world to peace and love,” consumes a year’s produce of 424 acres of land to furnish its necessary tackle.’

‘From this calculation it will be seen that Great Britain could not furnish itself with a sufficient quantity of hemp, of her own growth, to supply the immense demands of her shipping.’

Hops.—‘Walter Blith says, in his third edit. of *English Improver Improved*, 1653,—“It is not many years since the famous city of London petitioned the Parliament of England against two nuisances—Newcastle coals, in regard of their stench, and hops, in regard they would spoil the taste of the drink and endanger the people.”

‘Ground Ivy, called Alehoof or Timehoof, *Glechoma hederacea*, was generally used for preserving beer, before the use of hops was known.’

‘It is said that the perfume of hops is so salutary, that when put between the outer cover and the pillow, they will procure sleep to those who are in delirious fever.’

Lettuce.—The Latins gave this plant the name of *Lactuca*, from *Lac*, on account of the milky juice with which it abounds. The French, for the same reason, call it *Laitue*; the English name Lettuce is a corruption of either the Latin or French word, and in all probability originated from the former, as several of our old authors spell it *Lecture*.

‘That this vegetable was in early times esteemed of the first rank among pot-herbs and salads, we learn from an anecdote related by Herodotus, and which also proves that lettuces were served in their natural state at the royal tables of the Persian kings at least 550 years before the Christian era. Cambyses, son of Cyrus the Great, had his brother Smerdis killed from mere suspicion, and, contrary to the laws, married his sister: this princess being at table with Cambyses, she stripped a headed lettuce of its leaves; when, the king observing that the plant was not so beautiful as when it had all its leaves, “it is the same with our family,” replied the princess, “since you have cut off a precious shoot.” This indiscreet allusion cost her own life.

‘Pliny tells us, that the ancient Romans knew but one kind of lettuce, which was a black variety, that yielded a great quantity of milky juice which caused sleep; therefore it was called *Lactuca*.

‘It is reported, adds this author, that Antonius Musa, a physician, cured the Emperor Augustus Cæsar of a dangerous disease by means of the lettuce. Other authors notice that Augustus was eased of

the violence of his disease by the use of this plant; which circumstance seems to have brought the lettuce into esteem at Rome; as Pliny says, after that time there was no doubt about eating them, and men began to devise means of growing them at all seasons of the year, and even preserving them, for they were used in pottage as well as in salads.

‘Columella notices the qualities of this plant,—

“And now let lettuce, with its healthful sleep,
Make haste, which of a tedious long disease
The painful loathings cures.”

‘Athenæus and Constantine Cæsar say, that the Pythagoreans called this plant the eunuch; and the ancients fabled, that after the death of Adonis, Venus lay upon a bed of lettuce; which evidently shews that they were acquainted with the cooling and opiate nature of this vegetable, which is still thought more salutary for those whose religious profession enjoins them a life of celibacy, than for settlers in new colonies.

‘We learn also from Pliny, that the Greek lettuce was a variety that grew both high and large, and that the Romans, in his day, cultivated the purple lettuce with a large root that was called *cæciliana*. They had likewise the Egyptian, Cilician, and Capadocian lettuce, besides the *asty-lis*, or the chaste lettuce, which, he says, was often called *eunuchion*, because it was thought less favourable to Venus than other plants. This naturalist adds, they were all considered cooling, therefore eaten principally in the summer. Great pains were used to make them cabbage: they were earthed up with sea-sand, to blanch them and give them heart. The white lettuce was noticed, in that mild climate, to be the least able to endure cold.’

No attempt was made to cultivate the lettuce in this country until the year 1562; now thirty varieties of this plant are produced in the neighbourhood of London, all of which are used in sallads. Young lettuce may be raised in forty-eight hours, by first steeping the seed in brandy and then sowing it in a hot-house.

Mint.—‘Should be cut for drying, just when it is in flower, and on a fine day; for, if cut in damp weather, the leaves will turn black. It should be tied in small bunches, and dried in a shady place out of the wind; but to retain its natural virtues more effectually, it has been found better to place the mint in a screen, and to dry it quickly before a fire, so that it may be powdered, and immediately put into glass bottles and kept well stopped. Parsley, thyme, sage, and other herbs, retain their full fragrance when thus prepared, and are by this mode secured from dust, and always ready to the hand of the cook.—A conserve made of mint is grateful, and the distilled waters, both simple and spirituous, are much esteemed. The juice of spear-mint drunk in vinegar,

often stops the hiccup. Lewis observes, what has before been noticed by Pliny, that mint prevents the coagulation of milk, and hence is recommended in milk diets. When dry, and digested in rectified spirits of wine, it gives out a tincture which appears by day-light of a fine dark green, but by candle-light of a bright red colour; a small quantity is green by day-light or candle light; a large quantity seems impervious to day-light, but when held between the eye and the candle, or between the eye and the sun, it appears red. If put into a flat bottle, it appears green sideways; but when viewed edge-ways, red.

Nasturtium.—The blossoms have been observed to emit electric sparks towards evening, which was first noticed by the daughter of the illustrious Linnæus, who could not credit the account until he had seen the phenomenon. It is seen most distinctly with the eye partly closed.—The flowers, as well as the young leaves, are used in salads, being of a warm, juicy, agreeable taste, and an excellent antiscorbutic. The nasturtium blossom is serviceable in a weakness or pain of the stomach, proceeding from cold and flatulencies.—By distillation with water, the flowers impregnate the fluid with their smell and flavour.—The flowers being of so excellent a colour for candle-light, are often used to garnish dishes. The plant itself is a great ornament to our pleasure-grounds, whether trailing on the ground or trained to trees or trellis-fences.

Parsley.—The seed should be sown in the spring; it remains six weeks in the earth; it never appears in less than forty days, nor does it often exceed fifty; thus it takes longer to vegetate than any other known seed; but it is observed that old seed comes up earlier than new.*—This herb is good for sheep that have eaten a kind of wild ranunculus, which causes a worm to destroy their liver. It is also said to be an excellent remedy to preserve sheep from the rot, provided they are fed twice a week, for two or three hours each time, with this herb. Parsley has been sometimes cultivated in fields for this purpose; but hares and rabbits are so fond of it, that they will come from a great distance to feed upon it; so that those who wish to draw hares on their estates have only to sow parsley in their parks or fields.—Parsley, when rubbed against a glass goblet or tumbler, will break it; the cause of this phenomenon

* Yet the following notice of celery shows that seed may accidentally remain infinitely longer in the ground:—It appears, that celery seed will vegetate after it has remained in the earth for several years: an instance of this occurred in the author's garden, where no celery had been planted for three years or more, when he was surprised to find in a large plot of ground where cabbages had been planted, and which succeeded a crop of potatoes, several hundred of fine celery plants. The following year several plants appeared on the same plot, although no celery had been set and the plants had been removed to a distant situation.

is not known.—To preserve parsley for the seasoning of meats, &c. let it be gathered on a dry day, and immediately put into a tinned roasting screen, and placed close to a large fire; it will then soon become brittle, when it may be rubbed fine, and put into glass bottles for use.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Martyr of Antioch: a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman.

(Concluded from p. 101.)

IN resuming our notice of the most beautiful and elegant of modern poems, we shall premise that our readers are sufficiently acquainted with the subject, and with the progress we had made in the story. Margarita, determined to sacrifice riches, honours, and even life itself, in the faith she had chosen, has her constancy soon put to the test. Olybius sits in his hall in judgment on Diodotus, Charinus, and Calanthias, all men of noble birth, and several others, who are denounced as guilty of the Galilean faith:—

Olybius. Do we wonder
That heaven rains plagues upon the guilty earth;
That Pestilence is let loose, and Famine stalks
O'er kingdoms, withering them to barrenness;
That reeling cities shake, and their swollen seas
Engulf our navies, or with sudden inroad
Level our strong-wall'd ports! But, impious men,
We will no longer share your doom; nor suffer
Th' indiscriminate vengeance from on high
To wrap mankind in wide promiscuous ruin:
Impatient earth shall shake you from her bosom,

Even as a city spurns the plague-struck man
From her barr'd gates, lest her attainted airs
Be loaded with his breath.
Diodotus. Hath earth but now
Begun to heave with fierce intestine fires,
Or the hot south from his unwholesome wings
Drop pestilence? Have changeless slumbers
lock'd
Th' untempest and stagnant seas, and now
Awake they first to whelm your fleets and shores?

But be it so, that angry Nature rages
More frequent in her fierce distemperature
Upon yourselves, ye unbelieving Heathen,
The crime recoils. The Lord of Hosts hath
walk'd

This world of man; the One Almighty sent
His everlasting Son to wear the flesh,
And glorify this mortal human shape.
And the blind eyes unclosed to see the Lord;
And the dumb tongues brake out in songs of praise;

And the deep grave cast forth its wondering dead;
And shuddering devils murmur'd sullen homage:

Yet him, the meek, the merciful, the just,
Upon the cross his rebel people hung,
And mock'd his dying anguish. Since that hour,

Like flames of fire his messengers have pass'd
O'er the wide world, proclaiming him that died
Risen from the grave, and in omnipotence
Array'd on high; and as your fictions wait

Upon your earthly pomp, portentous signs
And miracles have strew'd the way before them.

But still the princes of the earth take counsel
Against the Eternal. Still the Heathen rages
In drunken fury. Therefore hath the earth
Espoused its Maker's cause; the heavens are full

Of red denouncing fires; the elements
Take up the eternal quarrel, and arise
To battle on God's side. The universe,
With one wide voice of indignation, heard
In every plague and desolating storm,
Proclaims her deep abhorrence at your sins.

Just as Olybius has doomed the Christians to death, a body of shepherds and guards enter with a veiled maiden, whom they stated to have found 'in a cave besides Orontes' stream,' together with a man,—

'Pouring upon the still and shudd'ring air
Their hymn to Christ.'

The maiden is unveiled, and proves to be Margarita; the 'second criminal,' as her disciple, or rather instructor, is termed, is brought in and found to be Fabius, Bishop of Antioch. Callias reproaches the venerable father with being a wizard and sorcerer, who had robbed him of his daughter, and Olybius condemns him to the torturer. Fabius addresses him with the spirit of meekness, and alludes to the day of judgment:—

'—— Then thou and I,
Olybius, and thy armed satellites,
And these my meek and lowly followers;
Thou, that art there enthroned in purple robes,
The thrice-triumphant Lord of all our Asia,
And I, a nameless, weak, unknown old man,
That stand an helpless criminal before thee,
Shall meet once more. The earth shall cast us up,

The winds shall waft our thin and scatter'd ashes,
The ocean yield us up our drowned bones;
There shall we meet before the cloudy throne—
Before the face of him, whose awful brightness
Shall be the sun of that dread day, in which
The thousand thousands of the angelic hosts,
And all the souls of all mankind shall bask,
Waiting their doom eternal. Thou and I
Shall there give in the accompt of this day's process,

And Christ shall render each his due reward.
Now, sir, your sentence.

Mar. Merciful Jesus! melt
His spirit in its hardness.

Macer. By our Gods,
The very soldiers lean their pallid cheeks
Upon their spears; and at his every pause
The panting of their long suppressed breath
Is audible.

Margarita and the christians are sent to prison, where she pathetically contrasts her present with her former situation, which shows how a persecuting spirit converts human beings into very demons; she says,—

'—— A few hours ago
My presence would have made an holiday
In Antioch. As I've moved along the streets,
I've heard the mother chide her sportive child

For breaking the admiring stillness round me.
There was no work so precious or so dear
But they deserted it to gaze on me.
And now they bay'd at me, like angry dogs :
And every brow was wrinkled, every hand
Clench'd in fierce menace : from their robes
they shook
The dust upon me, even more loathsome scorn
Was cast upon my path.'

Callias visits his daughter in prison,
and an affecting interview ensues.—
Margarita is afterwards taken to a splen-
did illuminated palace, where Olybius
again urges his suit, showing her on
one hand the instruments of torture
and the—

'busy preparation
For the dark sacrifice of to-morrow ;'

and, on the other, the temple of Apollo
richly illuminated and prepared for
nuptial rites, in which she was invited
to be the presiding goddess, and thus
become—

'Olybius' bride ; with all the adoring city,
And every province of the sumptuous east,
Casting its lavish homage at her feet ;
Her life one luxury of love, her state
One scene of peerless pomp and pride.'

Olybius bids her make her choice :—

'Margarita. 'Tis made—the funeral pyre.

Olybius. Dearest, what say'st thou ? Wouldst
thou have me woo thee

So that the burning blushes should—

Mar. Oh ! hear me,

Olybius—Should we look to-morrow eve
On that sad court of death, the winds that bore
The groans of anguish will have died in silence ;
The untainted earth have drank the blood, nor
trace

Remain of all those Christian multitudes,
Save some small urns of dust. A few years
pass'd,

Could we look round where stands this spaci-
ous palace,

Yon throne of gold, these high and arching roofs,
Even on thine own majestic shape, Olybius,
Will the distinguished dust of these proud
chambers,

Or even thine own embalmed ashes, wear
The stamp and impress of their kingly lord ?

With the same scorn will the coarse peasant's
foot

Tread all beneath it. But the soul—the soul,
What then will be its separate doom ? What seats
Of light and bliss will hold to-morrow's vic-
tims !

On what dark beds shall those recline, who
have shone

A little longer in this cloudy sphere,
And bask'd within the blaze of human glory,
Ere yet the eternal night hath gathered them
In darkness !—Oh ! were this world all, Olybius,
With joy would I become thy cup-bearer,
And minister the richest wine of life,
Long as thy mortal lips could quaff of bliss.
But now a nobler service doth become me ;
I'll use thy fabling poet's phrase, and be
Thy Hebe, with officious hand to reach thee
The ambrosial cup of everlasting gladness.

Olyb. How doth the rapture of her speech en-
kindle

The brightness of her beauty ! never yet
Look'd she so lovely, when her loosen'd locks
Flow'd in the frantic grace of inspiration
From the burst fillet down her snowy neck.

Mar. Roman, I know thy spirit pants for
glory ;

There is a thirst within thine inmost soul,
Which triumphs cannot satiate, nor the sway
Of earth. I'll tell thee how to win a record
That shall be register'd by flaming hands
In the adamantine heavens.

Olyb. But canst thou win me
An immortality of thee ?

Mar. I can.

Olyb. Name then the price, and be it the
forfeit life

Of the most hardy in yon Christian crew,
'Tis given.

Mar. I ask thine own eternal soul—
Believe in Jesus Christ, and I am thine.'

Olybius intreats, then threatens Mar-
garita in the following terms :—

'—But hast thou thought, fond maid,
To what my wrath may doom thee ? Will those
limbs,

Wont once to tremble at the zephyr's breath,
That lightly disarranged thy bashful robes—
Thou, that didst blush like morning, when the
eyes

Of men beheld thy half-veil'd face—wilt thou
Endure thy unrobed loveliness to be
The public gaze ?'

On the ensuing day the christians
are led to execution, amidst the mad-
dening yells of the populace of Anti-
och. It being the intended bridal
morn of Margarita, she goes to death
in nuptial robes ; they are one after
another asked to sacrifice and be spared :

Olyb. Last then to thee, fair priestess ! Art
thou still

Resolved with this ungodly crew to share
Our vengeance, or declares that bridal dress
A soft revolt, and falling off to love ?

Mar. To love—but not of man. Oh ! par-
don me,

Olybius, if my wedding garb afflict
Thy soul with hope ; I had but robes of sadness,
Nor would I have my day of victory seem
A day of mourning. But as the earthly bride
Lingers upon the threshold of her home,
And through the mists of parting tears surveys
The chamber of her youth, even so have I
With something of a clinging fondness look'd
Upon the flowers and trees of lovely Daphne.
Sweet waters, that have murmur'd to my prayers ;
Banks, where my hand hath cull'd sweet chap-
lets, once

For rites unholy, since to strew the graves
Of buried saints ; and thou, majestic temple !
That wouldst become a purer worship, thou,
How oft from all thine echoing shrines hast an-
swer'd

To my soft lyre—Farewell ! for heaven I quit
you.

But yet nor you, nor these my loved companions
Once in the twilight dance and morning song,
Though ye are here to hymn my death, not you
Can I forsake without a bleeding spirit.'

The successive deaths of the chris-
tians are described with all the vigour
of a poet, and all the fervor of a chris-
tian :—

Officer. Great Prefect, he is dead—

Cal. He—he—

'Twas he, thou said'st ?

Offi. Diodotus, great Prefect,
In the arena, as became a soldier,

He stood with undiscolour'd cheek, while lay

The crouching lion stiffening all his mane,
With his white-gleaming teeth and lashing tail,
Scourging to life the slumbering wrath within
him.

But the calm victim look'd upon the people,
Pil'd o'er each other in the thronging seats,
And utter'd these strange words—"Alas ! lost
souls,

There's one that fiercer than yon brindled lion,
Is prowling round, insatiate to devour—"
Naught more we heard, but one long savage howl
Of the huge monster as he sprung, and then
The grinding of his ravening jaws.'

The constancy of Charinus yields in
the flames, and he is led to the altar to
sacrifice to Apollo ; but he takes the
knife and stabs himself. Macer had
suggested to Olybius, that if Marga-
rita witnessed the deaths of the other
victims, she would yield and become
his bride ; in this hope Olybius con-
sents to pass the dreadful sentence up-
on her, but without intending that it
should be carried into execution. An
officer brings the account of her heroic
death to Olybius, which he thus de-
scribes :—

Offi. Hear me but a while.

She had beheld each sad and cruel death,
And if she shudder'd 'twas as one that strives
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness ;
Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,
And she shed tears for him. Then led they forth
Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng,
Proclaim'd her father's coming. Forth she
sprang,

And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees,
and said—

"Thou know'st me, when thou laid'st on thy
sick bed,

Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow.
There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,
And thy pale cheek would smile and weep at
once,

Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child—
Oh ! by its dear and precious memory,
I do beseech thee, slay me first and quickly :
'Tis that my father may not see my death."

Cal. Oh cruel kindness ! and I would have
closed

Thine eyes with such a fond and gentle pressure ;
I would have smooth'd thy beauteous limbs,
and laid

My head upon thy breast, and died with thee.

Olyb. Good father ! once I thought to call
thee so,

How do I envy thee this her last fondness ;
She had no dying thought of me.—Go on.

Offi. With that the headsman wiped from
his swarth cheeks

A moisture like to tears. But she, meanwhile,
On the cold block composed her head, and
cross'd

Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heaved,
She was so tranquil ; cautious, lest her garments
Should play the traitors to her modest care.

And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up
As softly to reproach his tardiness :

And some fell down upon their knees, some
clasp'd

Their hands, enamour'd even to adoration
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

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Cal. But he—but he—the savage executioner—

Off. He trembled.

Cal. Ha! God's blessing on his head!

And the axe slid from out his palsied hand?

Off. He gave it to another.

Cal. And—

Off. It fell.

Cal. I see it,

I see it like the lightning flash—I see it,
And the blood bursts—my blood!—my daughter's blood!

Off—let me loose.

Off. Where goest thou?

Cal. To the christian,

To learn the faith in which my daughter died,
And follow her as quickly as I may.

Margarita did not die in vain. Olybius resigns the Prefect's seat, and an officer announces to him, that Margarita by her death so—

'Wrought upon the changeful populace,
That they cry loudly on the christian's God;
Embolden'd multitudes from every quarter
Throng forth, and in the face of day proclaim
Their lawless faith.'

The people had taken up the body of Margarita, and carried it in proud ovation to the Prefect, chaunting a christian hymn, with which the poem concludes. The following are the first three stanzas:—

'Sing to the Lord! let harp, and lute, and voice

Up to the expanding gates of Heaven rejoice,
While the bright martyrs to their rest are borne;

Sing to the Lord! their blood-stain'd course is run,

And every head its diadem hath won,

Rich as the purple of the summer morn;
Sing the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mounting feet along their skyward road.

Sing to the Lord! for her in beauty's prime
Snatch'd from this wintry earth's ungenial clime,

In the eternal spring of Paradise to bloom;
For her the world display'd its brightest treasure,
And the airs panted with the songs of pleasure.

Before earth's throne she chose the lowly tomb,

The vale of tears with willing footsteps trod,
Bearing her cross with thee, incarnate Son of God!

Sing to the Lord! it is not shed in vain,
The blood of martyrs! from its freshening rain

High springs the Church like some fount—
shadowing palm;

The nations crowd beneath its branching shade;
Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made,

And wrapt within its deep embosoming calm
Earth sinks to slumber like the breezeless deep,
And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings
and sleep.'

Those who have followed the poetic career of Mr. Milman, as we have done, in his Samor, Fazio, and Fall of Jerusalem, to the present splendid effusion of his muse, will have remarked the very rapid strides he has made to the summit of beauty and sublimity in verse; and although the Martyr of Antioch is not free from blemishes, yet

he must be hyper-critical indeed who would ferret them out from a poem of such transcendent merit.

Sir Andrew Wylie, of that Ilk. By the Author of the 'Annals of the Parish,' &c.

(Concluded from p. 99.)

THERE are few things in the world, as our author remarks, more wonderful to philosophy than the means by which the honest poor of Scotland are enabled, from day to day, with light hearts, strong arms, and brave spirits, to face the ills of life with what they call 'sma' families,—that is, at least half a dozen children. But their general condition, we are informed, is comparative opulence to the lot of old Martha Docken; her circumstances bordered on penury, yet, like a numerous class to which the country still points with pride, she would have spurned the gifts of charity as insulting to the honesty of her character. As soon as it was determined that the future Sir Andrew should be sent to John Gledd's, the writer, to learn the law, his 'outfit' for so dignified a situation became a matter of weighty consideration for his grandmother. The difficulty is, however, at length got over, without any other help than the old Sunday clothes of his father, and Andrew is properly equipped to take his place at John Gledd's desk. While in this state of probation, our hero, we are told,—

'Was also distinguished from all the lads of his own age, for the preference which he gave to the knacky conversation of old and original characters. It signified not to him, whether the parties, with whom he enjoyed his leisure, were deemed douce or daft; it was enough that their talk was cast in queer phrases, and their minds ran among the odds and ends of things. By this peculiar humour, he was preserved in his clachan simplicity; while he made, as he often afterwards said himself, "his memory, like a wisdom-pock, a fount of auld knick-knackeries—clues of experience, and shakings of matter, that might serve to clout the rents in the knees and elbows o' straits and difficulties."

John Gledd has a shock of the palsy, and is obliged to give up business, by which Andrew is prematurely thrown on the world. He had, however, begun to acquire some confidence in himself, and this event did not so much depress him on his own account as on that of his master. He had also, by this time, some suspicion that Kilwinning was not exactly the best place for becoming

that grand man he was determined to be. He resolves, in short, to 'try his luck in London.' In this apparently bold and singular resolution he is encouraged by Martha, who remembers the great good fortune which had attended a niece of her own who was settled there. The young woman had gone as a servant to the metropolis, and was so fortunate as to attract the affections of a Mr. Ipsey, an old solicitor of high reputation and great connections, who, finding he could not obtain her on easier terms, had the good sense to make her his wife. A letter is written to Mrs. Ipsey, soliciting her influence with her husband in Andrew's behalf. An answer comes by return of post, assuring him of protection, and enclosing a bill for twenty pounds, not as a gift but as a loan, to defray the expenses of his second outfit in the world.

The adventures of Andrew on his way to London and till he is settled there at the desk of Mr. Vellum, the successor in business to Mr. Ipsey, are dictated with great knowledge of the world; but we must hasten over them to describe an adventure which is decisive of his good fortune in the metropolis. He had not been many days with Mr. Vellum, when it happened that one of his master's most distinguished clients, the Earl of Sandford, called at the chambers, when our hero was the only person within. His lordship's curiosity is excited by the originality of Andrew's appearance, and still more by the quaint sagacity with which he answers his lordship's enquiries about 'where he was caught' and what he thinks of the wonderful sights of London. Being desirous of enjoying some more 'of the original fancies of Andrew,' his lordship pretends, as he had not found Mr. Vellum, he would write a note for him. This note requests Mr. Vellum to send Andrew to a particular coffee-house that evening, with a letter for Servinal, his valet, who would be there to meet him; and that Mr. V. might have some idea of the object of this singular request, he added, 'The Countess receives masques, but your clerk can take a part without any disguise.'

Mr. V. readily falls in with the scheme of the Earl, and Andrew is dispatched to meet Servinal at the hour appointed. The whole of the scene which ensues is admirably drawn; the device by which a natural character is for once introduced into a masquerade is excellent, and the effect in the highest degree ludicrous:—

'Servinal had been duly instructed by his master; and, accordingly, after some conversation containing a number of apparent facts and evidential circumstances which Andrew was to relate, with all proper fidelity, to Mr. Vellum, Servinal proposed an adjournment to the play-house, under the tempting pretext, that being acquainted with the door-keepers, he could get them both in free at that hour. To this our hero could make no possible objection; on the contrary, he considered his assent to the proposal as in strict conformity to the instructions he had received, to make himself agreeable to so important a client as the valet appeared to be. A coach was thereupon called, and they were speedily at Sandyford House.

'On reaching the precincts of the mansion, Andrew had no reason to doubt that he was approaching one of the principal theatres. The square was thronged with carriages; a multitude of curious spectators, to see the company as they were set down, occupied the pavement; and the vestibule was filled with a countless host of servants in livery, the domestics of the guests, and friends of the domestics.

'The earl had instructed Servinal, in order that Andrew might not be exposed to the insolent impertinence of the menials, to take care that it should not be known among them he was not in character; so that when he entered the hall with his rustic garb and awkward manner, they set him down as Freeloze, in the character of Jemmy, in the farce of *High Life below Stairs*, and the sincere astonishment with which he gazed around, excited their unanimous admiration and plaudits as an incomparable performer.

'Andrew clung to his companion in a degree of delighted alarm, saying involuntarily, as he was conducted up the grand stair-case to the state-apartments, where the company were assembling, "What a beautiful house this is! Oddsake, man, it's as grand as Solomon's Temple."

"Were you ever there?" said a masque in a domino in passing. Andrew instantly recognized a voice that he had heard before, and was petrified. It was the earl, at whose appearance Servinal immediately withdrew, telling our hero that he was now free to go everywhere, and pick up what amusement he could for the remainder of the evening.

'Notwithstanding all the freedom which the belief that he was in a place of public amusement was calculated to inspire, Andrew shyly entered the central saloon, from which the drawing-rooms opened. A party in mask, with the earl at their head, followed him. He thought, however, they were the players—the hirelings of the entertainment, and expected them to tumble, and perform other antic feats of corporeal ingenuity.

'While under this misconception of his situation, just within the door of the

saloon, with his back leaning on the pedestal of a statue of Terpsichore, the well-fleshed Countess of Gorbilanda, in the character of Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt, came up to him. Her ladyship had not the most remote idea that he was not in character. Being herself a Scotch-woman, she imagined, from his dress, that he had taken the part of a Scottish lad, and addressed him accordingly, imitating the rattle of Lady Rodolpha with considerable humour.

'Andrew, however, was disconcerted by what he considered her impudence, and said, "Gang about your business, woman, and no fash me.—I'll hae naething to say to you—I tell you, woman, ye may just whistle on your thumb."

"The brute!" exclaimed the countess, forgetting her part—"how can he have got into the house? He has no character."

"I'm thinking," said Andrew drily, "that I hae a muckle better character than you."

'Her ladyship was amazed, and returned to her party, utterly at a loss to understand the phenomenon.

'At this moment, Col. Coleson, in the character of Moll Flaggon, came up, amidst shouts of laughter, exclaiming, "where is he—where is the gay deceiver?" presenting Andrew at the same moment with her pocket-pistol, *alias* brandy-bottle.

'Our hero looked at Moll for about half a minute with the most unequivocal marks of aversion. At last he said, "I wonder how the door-keepers could let sic a tinkler in!"

"Does he disown me?" exclaimed Moll in a rapture of desperation. "Will the perjured wretch cast me off from his tender embraces in the face of the whole world?"—And she began to weep bitterly, wiping her eyes with the corner of her tattered shawl, and taking a sip from her bottle with infinite humour.

"The woman's fou," said Andrew coolly to the bystanders, and walked away somewhat anxiously to shun her.

"See how he deserts me," cried the obstreperous Moll; "he abandons me like the rest of his faithless sex, the cruel gay deceiver!"

'Andrew, terrified by the vehemence of Moll's manner, turned back to reason with her, and said, "honest woman, ye're in a mistake."

'The unaffected simplicity of this address was too much even for Coleson, with all his confidence; and regardless of the proprieties of his part, he joined in the general laughter that it called forth from all present.

'Poor Andrew then appealed to the spectators, and assured them, with the most perfect sincerity, that he had never seen the woman before, since he was born. "She's just a randy," said he, "and ought to be set in the jousts."

"What's the matter—what's the to do here?" cried a Justice Woodcock.—

"What are ye after? Tramp, madam; and as for you, sir, take yourself off."

Andrew would have walked away rebuked, but Moll took hold of the seeming magistrate by the coat-tail, exclaiming, "is this a proper treatment of the fair sex, Justice Woodcock? I thought you had been a better man in your day, than to see a poor innocent girl, that had nothing but her virtue, so wronged by such a cruel, a perfidious, a base, and wicked wicked man."

'Poor Molly, and what has he done to you?" said the Justice.

"What has he done!" exclaimed Molly, starting from out her tears. "He has undone me."

'Andrew was thunderstruck, and looked around in despair, but saw no friendly visage; in the same moment Moll clasped him in her arms, and pulling out his watch, cried, "this at least will procure me some comfort."—And in putting the watch into her pocket, she took out her bottle, and indulged in another sip.

"Softly, Moll," said Justice Woodcock, "you must give me the watch."

"Oh!" cried Andrew, in a long and vibrating tone of horror; but suddenly mustering courage, he exclaimed, "as sure as death, sir, this is as big a lie as ever Cluty himsel cleckit. Only send for my master, Mr. Vellum, and he'll testify, that I am a poor honest lad, of creditable parentage, just come frae Scotland.—O, what had I to do here! Gie me my watch, I tell you—gie me my watch—thieves, thieves!"

'The earnest vigour of lungs with which he uttered this exclamation resounded through all the splendid chambers, and the whole music and merriment was in a moment silenced by the alarm. Andrew in the same instant snatched the watch from Moll, who was then in the act of handing it to the Justice, and flying off amidst a universal cataract of laughter, never looked behind him till he was out of breath, and safe in the street.

Lord Sandyford was so much pleased with Andrew's exhibition, that he sends him an invitation, or rather a command, to dine with him. "But what will I do," exclaims Andrew to his master, "for I hae nae claes fit for my lord's company." "Take my advice," said Mr. Vellum gravely, and with sincerity, "make no change in your appearance, but only be careful that you are particularly clean and neat."

The figure which Andrew makes at the dinner party, though to our minds quite out of nature, improves the first impression made by his peculiarities; he becomes, henceforth, a favorite visitor at the Earl's; and, by several opportunities which occur of proving himself as capable of useful services as of amusing a vacant hour, gradually

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advances to a high place in his lordship's confidence and esteem. Matters are in this state when an interview takes place between his lordship and Mr. Vellum and the following conversation ensues. The Earl observes:—

"I have paid more attention to that Scottish curiosity, Wylie, than perhaps I ought to have done. He, however, served to amuse me when every other thing had become stale, flat, and unprofitable; and he cannot but have formed some expectations from my interest or influence. I believe he is honest."

"It is impossible to doubt it," replied Vellum; "but his talents are not of a high order, nor has his education been of the best sort."

"The being," cried his lordship, gaily, "has not half the capacity, I believe, of a young elephant; but his very deficiencies have been as talents with me; and now that I am determined to quit London, I wish to do something for him. You must take him into partnership, Vellum."

"The solicitor was thunderstruck; and in an accent of astonishment, said, "My Lord, it is not possible—he is too young—he knows nothing of business."

"He is old enough," replied his lordship coldly, "to receive profit; nor does it require any particular knowledge to do so. But perhaps you would rather give him a salary."

Vellum bowed, and the Earl continued; "then it should be on agreement for a term of years—say seven. How much will you give him?"

"With the off-hand alacrity of a man of the world, he replied, "It is your lordship's pleasure to promote the fortune of the young man, and it is my duty to comply with your lordship's reasonable wishes on the subject. I will give him five hundred pounds a-year, for seven years; although I do not think he will ever make any available proficiency in his profession."

"You do not then seriously think that he is likely to attain eminence as a lawyer?" said the Earl earnestly.

"I do not," was the emphatic answer.

"Then," replied his lordship, "five hundred a-year, for seven years, is too little. You will give him seven hundred and fifty."

"It is far beyond his wants, habits, and ideas."

Vellum, in saying these words, was rebuked by the grave expression of his lordship's eye; and stopping as if he had been interrupted, looked confused.

The Earl, after a pause of some ten or twenty seconds, rose from his seat, and standing with his back to the fire, said to the Solicitor, who had also risen at the same time, "I am not sure, Mr. Vellum, that any man has a right to prescribe limits to another's fortune. You will give Mr. Wylie seven hundred and fifty pounds a year, for seven years, if you think my

business and connexions can, with a reasonable advantage to yourself, afford so much."

There was no withstanding either the manner or the matter of this. Vellum bowed with profound respect, and said, "It shall be done, my lord; and I ought to add, that it is in my power to comply with your lordship's request."

As lords have, proverbially, the privilege of doing very extravagant things, we are not perhaps at liberty to say that such a scene as the preceding may not have often enough occurred in real life. But looking at the history of Sir Andrew Wylie as an attempt to shew how humble merit may, by a train of natural events, work its way up to affluence and distinction, we could have wished that he had stepped into seven hundred and fifty pounds a-year in a way less allied to romance.

The domestic peace of the Earl of Sandyford becomes at this period fatally interrupted by a combination of circumstances, which leads him unjustly to suspect the fidelity of his Countess; a separation takes place, and that is followed by many new events, which thicken the web of presumptive evidence within which the unfortunate lady has got entangled, and seem to exclude every chance of a reconciliation with her husband. The Scottish curiosity, Wylie, however, is destined to be the magician who is to unravel the whole mystery, and to restore the parties to each other and to happiness. The acuteness, diligence, and perseverance with which he pursues the calumny through all its imposing shapes and disguises, till the innocence of the Countess stands vindicated and confessed, are pourtrayed with great felicity of invention and description. Many interesting occurrences are ingeniously interwoven with the course of the enquiry, and render this one of the most interesting portions of the volume. We would particularly instance the night scene in 'the forest,' chapter 12, vol. 2, and 'the trial' of the gypsies for murder, chap. 22, same volume, although the latter contains rather too strong an 'appeal' to our recollections.

The gratitude of the Earl and Countess, and of all connected with them, for the services effected by Andrew, knows no bounds. The Marquis of Avonside, the lady's father, makes him an offer of his law business; and, on the strength of that, Andrew is bold enough—albeit he is not yet older than William Pitt was when he took upon him the business of the nation—to re-

quest Mr. Vellum to admit him into partnership. Mr. V., seeing the danger of quarreling with one so highly befriended, consents to the proposition with the grace of one who does a thing he cannot help, and admits Wylie at once to a full half-share in their mutual business. The Marquis next offers to bring in our hero as member of Parliament for one of his lordship's close boroughs for five hundred pounds less than any other person,—a trait of vulgarity which the author ought not to have ascribed to him; but Wylie chooses rather to accept of his lordship's influence in the contested borough of Bedford, and to stand the contest at his own expense. Mr. Wylie, 'the little man from out the north,' is the successful candidate, but not altogether through his lordship's patronage; for the gypsies whom he had saved at the trial, take this opportunity of proving their gratitude to their benefactor by some 'metaphysical aid,' as our author, departing from his national simplicity, is pleased to call it, which seems to have been of nearly equal efficacy. Mr. Wylie being now an M. P., must needs be presented to the King and to the prime minister; but of the chapters connected with these important events, we are sorry that we cannot speak in any terms of praise. They are daring flights, and the author's success has not been such as ought to encourage him to attempt the like again.

The Countess of Sandyford, as zealous as her father to testify her gratitude to Mr. Wylie, proposes to have added to his other honours that of a baronetage. A request to this effect is made to the premier; he is surprised, but consents; and thus, to the astonishment of our hero and of all his friends but those in the secret, he was, on the following Saturday night, gazetted a baronet, by the style and title of Sir Andrew Wylie, Baronet of Wylie; which, for the benefit of our English readers, we shall add, is, in the good legal language of the north, Sir Andrew Wylie, Baronet of that ilk, or of the same.

The history of Sir Andrew now approaches to a close. Rich, affluent, and titled, he now began to long for those gratifications of the heart which are more essential to happiness. He confesses to his patrons, the Earl and Countess, that he still cherishes the boyish attachment which he had conceived for Mary Cunningham; and, anxious not to leave their work of be-

neficence incomplete, they make an excursion with him into Scotland for the purpose of promoting his suit. The sequel need scarcely be told; yet all that follows 'the return' of Sir Andrew to his native home will be read with no ordinary pleasure. The author is himself here again at home, and amply compensates for any deviations from nature and propriety which he may have made while dazzled with the splendours of a court. Miss Cunningham becomes Lady Wylie, and Sir Andrew having now gained the height of his ambition, retires from Parliament, closes his connection with Mr. Vellum, and settles permanently in his native country.

Such is a rapid sketch of the contents of these volumes, which, though by no means free from many exceptions, have given us, upon the whole, much pleasure in the perusal, and will, we doubt not, give equal satisfaction to all who have a proper relish for originality of character faithfully portrayed.

A Legal and Constitutional Argument against the alleged Judicial Right of restraining the Publication of Reports of Judicial Proceedings, as assumed and afterwards confirmed by the Court of King's Bench. By J. P. Thomas, Esq. 8vo. pp. 147. London, 1822.

JUNIUS has declared the trial by jury and the liberty of the press to form the palladium of all the civil and religious rights of Englishmen; and in a country where these rights have been maintained more inviolate than in any other part of Europe, the slightest attempt to infringe on them must be watched with jealousy and resisted with firmness.

The circumstances which gave rise to the volume before us occurred in the trial of Thistlewood and others for high treason in 1820, when the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench prohibited the publication of any of the proceedings of the court until the whole of the trials were concluded. The proprietor of the *Observer* newspaper, however, disobeyed the injunction, and published a full account of the trials. For this offence he was, on the last day of the Special Commission, sentenced by the court to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. This case involves two points affecting the liberty of the press and the trial by jury; the first, in the assumed power of the court to restrain the publication of proceedings in a public court of jus-

tice; the second, in its dispensing with all the preliminary proceedings of an action and a trial by jury, in judging of offences committed against itself, and punishing them with whatever severity it may deem proper. In both these points of view Mr. Thomas has argued the case with considerable ability. He contends not only for the legal publicity of all courts of justice, and the consequent right freely to publish their proceedings, but he shews the good policy and great advantages of such right, and the impropriety and danger of innovating it. He proves that, in Britain, the courts of justice, as far back as their very existence, can be traced to have been open to the free and undisturbed access of our countrymen. He traces from the musty records in which the proceedings are to be found, the progress of British judicature, from our Saxon ancestors to the present day; all of which are decidedly in favour of the publicity of courts of justice. He says,—

'All courts of record are public courts and are, therefore, as such, open to the voluntary ingress and egress of the king's liege subjects, excepting only, *ex necessitate rei*, those who wilfully disturb the silence and decorum indispensable to judicial proceedings. The decisions of the courts are binding upon all persons, and it will be no plea in law, for them to declare that they were unacquainted with the decisions which bind all the king's subjects, because they are all supposed to be present at the promulgation of law, either in their own proper persons, or by their legal representatives. It is, as I imagine, unnecessary for me to prove by authorities the legal publicity of the courts, no judge having, to my knowledge, ever presumed to deny the principle of law, that the courts are public and open to all persons, excepting to those who wilfully disturb the courts or interrupt their regular proceedings, for they must necessarily be debarred for the time from this high constitutional privilege. On the contrary, judges have, upon very many occasions, expressly recognized this important legal right, and have also borne their most unqualified and willing testimony of the great advantages which result therefrom. The courts have, upon some extraordinary occasions, from motives of moral delicacy, requested females to leave the court during the agitation of some particular question, but I am not aware that they ever, even in such cases, exerted any authority to turn females out of court, leaving the option to their own private discretion and feelings. And, happily for Englishmen, in the present free state of the press, it is unshackled by the odious jurisdiction of state-licensors, appointed by the despotic court of star-

chamber, which limited the number of printers and presses, and prohibited the publications of all works not stamped with the IMPRIMATUR of such licensors; the Parliament, with a noble resistance, abolished all remains of that detestable system in the year 1694. So that the will of individuals is still left free; "the abuse only of that free will is the object of legal punishment," and every freeman has an undoubted right to lay what sentiments he pleases before the public; to forbid this is to destroy the freedom of the press; but if he publish what is improper, mischievous, or illegal, he must take the consequences of his own temerity. To subject the press to the restrictive power of a licenser, as was formerly done, both before and since the revolution, is to subject all freedom of sentiment to the prejudices of one man, and to make him the arbitrary and infallible judge of all controverted points in learning, religion, and government. It must be admitted by all honest men, that to "punish (as the law does at present) any dangerous or offensive writings, which, when published, shall, on a fair and impartial trial, be adjudged of a pernicious tendency, is necessary for the preservation of peace and good order, of government and of religion, the only solid foundations of civil liberty:" and it must be also maintained, that no restraint is thereby laid upon freedom of thought or openness of inquiry: liberty of private sentiment is still left; the disseminating or making public of bad sentiments destructive of the ends of the community, is the crime which society corrects, and the press cannot be abused to any bad purpose, without incurring a suitable punishment. If I be intitled to claim entrance into a court of justice, or if I have a simple right to enter it, I necessarily enjoy also an unquestionable lawful privilege of hearing all that passes therein, and it will be, as I contend, no crime in me to report what I have heard to any person or persons whomsoever, for if it were criminal, my presence would be constrained, excepting to the jury privately; and if I wilfully hold any communication with the jury upon the issue which they try, after they are sworn to have no communication with any one, then shall I offend against the laws, and I may possibly be guilty of subornation of perjury, in a moral sense, although not in a legal one, because the infraction of an oath promising to do any thing, is not legally perjury; or if I wilfully and maliciously pervert any evidence or statement, to the prejudice of truth, then I have acted criminally.

'A court can only exclude, for the sake of truth and justice, when necessary, particular witnesses in a cause or prosecution actually before it, in order that each witness may be examined separately, and that the truth may be fairly elicited from each witness who is to give his testimony; but that power can only be exercised to-

wards witnesses during the hearing of the cause in which they are interested, and cannot, of course, be enforced against other persons. I maintain that I have a right, either orally or on paper, freely and fairly to publish the recital of every part of the proceedings of the court at which I have been present, notwithstanding any judicial dictum or extra-judicial prohibition. "Every court of record is the king's court, although his subjects have the benefit of it, and the free use of all courts of record and not of record is to be granted to the people."

Mr. Thomas contends forcibly and justly that a judge has no right to suspend the exercise of the rights of the public even for a moment; the publicity of the courts of justice being authorised and recognised by the laws, cannot, therefore, be repealed by the simple order of a judge.

The power of the court to inflict summary and severe punishment on imputed offences, of which it alone judges, is also contended against with much force of reasoning, and the right of trial by jury in all such cases strongly enforced. We cannot follow the author through the whole of his able legal and constitutional argument; but we are sure the public, and in particular that portion of it which is connected with the press, is much indebted to Mr. Thomas for the zeal, ability, and research he has displayed in advocating two of their most important rights—the trial by jury and the liberty of the press.

Stories after Nature. 12mo. pp. 251. London, 1822.

This is a very unassuming but a very clever little volume, and one which may, with confidence, be recommended to either females or youth, as well calculated to amuse as to instruct. The tales are nineteen in number, and all tend to the same object, that of inculcating virtue and pointing out those duties which men owe to their God and to one another. One of these stories is sufficiently brief to give it entire, and on this account we select it. It is intitled the Widow of Lyons:—

"In the time of Henry the Fourth of France, there lived at Lyons a poor widow, a woman of drudging honesty; having an only son, who could never learn of her any thing but the ways of industry. His disposition, however, was that of insensibility. He was viciously idle.— Though her good name had procured for him a comfortable mode of obtaining a livelihood, yet he could not keep his fingers from other men's parcels; and he was continually in jeopardy about some dishonest practice or other. This, so

contrary to the opposite nature of his mother, gave her great pain. Her affection, however, was so great, that in all his difficulties she never abandoned him; though her good name among her neighbours became soiled, and much shame by reflection fell upon her.

"It happened that he was taken in some daring and unlawful attempt, and being brought before the judges, they sentenced him to be severely whipped and banished for five years. The stripes he bore with callous hard-heartedness; and when that part of the sentence had passed upon him, and his mother made her way through the crowd of spectators, and came and threw a cloak over him, and put balsam into his wounds, he was insensible to her kindness and her tears, and jested away the time with the bad companions who came about him; treating the sentence of the judges with indecent ridicule. His mother, whose love to him was equal to his callousness of heart, did not forsake him, but waited a weeping image at his side through the city, and across the water to the boundary prescribed. And exhorting him to take some thought for himself, she left him full of agony; promising, if Heaven would spare her life, to do all in his absence that might make his home more comfortable to him, and to have some easy means prepared, against the expiration of his term of punishment, by which he might live honestly. Then recommending him, wreck as he was, to the mercy of God, she hugged him to her heart; leaving him deaf to her voice, and as insensible as stone. Before she had gone far, the echo of his laugh struck like madness on her ear.

"When his term of punishment was expired, he came back, and she received him again to her longing arms; having thought of nothing but him since he had been gone. He was a brute by nature, and could not alter. He droned away what little honey this poor labouring bee had got together; turned night into day; swaggered and rolled from one day into another, abounding in all the deformity of vice. Her heart was wrung, her eyes swollen, her prayers frequent, and her patience unbroken.

"In pity let us pass over too narrow a search into the disgusting causes of so severe a sufferance.

"When all was gone to rack, and spent, he conceived a design of once more outraging the law; and like a bold villain, had planned a robbery and murder in a wood. He was taken in the attempt and hanged; and being dead, was spread out in chains upon a gibbet, on the same spot where the murder was attempted. No penitence or prayers could reach him. He hated his mother for her virtue contrasted with his vice, and would not see her, stubbornly loathing all good things, so that he died cursing and raving.

"Nothing, however, could abate the affection which nature had planted in the tender maternal bosom of his mother.

She saw only him, but not his vices. —These hard tugs carried her beyond her sphere of thinking, and she dwelt fondly on fancy; going back to his innocent childhood, when he reposed upon her breast; reviewed his little fascinating ways, and dwelt yearningly upon the memory of his endearing youth. Her love and tenderness was the grave of his vices; there they were hid and forgotten.

"In the dead of the night she went into the wood, and with a file and a knife released the body from its dishonourable bier; she carried it to a secret place, and kissing once more his forehead, buried him in the earth, and wept and prayed over him. When the body was missed, some of those officers, who live by detecting the petty infringements of the law, took this woman in the fields (for she had no house to go to), searched her person, and carried her before a justice to answer to the charge. And they said, "sir, the body of the man whom you caused to be hung in chains, has (contrary to the law) been taken away; and as this woman was his mother, we have searched her, but found no implements upon her, nor any thing, save only a Bible of small worth." The justice, who was a proud and insensible man, casting a frowning glance at her, demanded to know instantly the truth. And she, taking courage to herself, answered him, saying, "sir, as lying was one great cause that brought my poor son to so bad an end, whatever consequences be upon me for it, I shall confess openly the truth. Though my son was dead, his image still haunted my mind: I could not but glance at the many past years that have gone over my head; nor could I forget the hopes and fears I have had on his account. I thought he was in too cold and inhuman a place for a child whom I could not help loving; so I brought him down, and took him in my arms, and buried him; and God have mercy on his soul."

"The justice said, — "Woman, you have broken the law; where hast thou disposed him?" And she, with a resolved soul, answered, — "No human threats, no human law shall ever urge me to confess. As I loved him better than myself, I ventured my life to cover him in earth; as I still love his mere remains better than myself, I will throw down my life to keep him in quiet rest where he is." And the justice, whose arrogance was affronted at beggary and independence, made it a personal quarrel; and, overlooking the profoundness of her heart, consigned her to prison till he should pass some sentence upon her.

"Now it happened that the king (more familiarly known by the appellation of "Henri Quatre,") was in the city of Lyons in disguise (as was often his mode when he would mix unnoticed among his subjects), and at this time in the court of justice; and when he heard of this poor woman's afflictions and her stoutness of

heart, his bosom ached for her, and tears escaped him.

'He took her out of prison and maintained her worthily in his household; he fined the justice heavily, disgraced him as a man devoid of all humanity, and drove him from the bench.'

Hero and Leander, a Tale of Love. Translated from the Greek of the ancient Poet, Musæus. With other Poems. By Francis Adam, Surgeon, 8vo. pp. 50. London, 1822.

'THE loves and tragic fates' of Hero and Leander have been the theme of many a lofty rhyme, and celebrated by poets of all ages and all countries, from Virgil down to Mr. Adam. The poem on this subject, published among the remains of the lesser Greek poets, was received as a genuine production of the venerable Musæus by the elder Scaliger, but condemned as spurious by Vossius, who thought it a work of later date than the fourth century. Be this as it may, the poem has always been admired in the original on account of its polished versification; the translation by Mr. Adams is free and spirited, and the description of Hero possesses much poetic beauty:—

'But, lo! in Venus' consecrated shrine,
Hero appears, in majesty divine!
Bright as when Phœbe, from her ocean bed,
In awful beauty, rears her golden head.
Her cheeks—her sweetly-smiling cheeks—dis-
close

The hues, the fragrance, of the blooming rose.
Fair as the rose her budding breasts that
crown'd,
Sweet as the rose that strew'd the hallow'd
ground.

The rose's glow adorns the heavenly fair,
The rose's perfume fills the gladsome air.
See where she moves along in godlike state!
How fine her form! how comely is her gait!
Of Graces three let ancient poets lie—
A hundred Graces dwell in Hero's eye!
Like Venus' self amid th' immortal train,
Is the bright priestess of her holy fane.

'Fix'd was each youth upon her glowing
charms,

Each longed to clasp her in his ardent arms;
Each gaz'd upon her, as, erect and tall,
With graceful step, she paced the sacred hall.
"Ye fond admirers of Laconia's dames,"
Some gallant youth, with rapt'rous heart, ex-
claims,

"Whom have ye seen among their maids so rare,
With bright, with balmy Hero to compare?
But sure this priestess of the Paphian shrine
No mortal is, but some blest Power divine!
Give me, great queen, this peerless fair to wed—
O give with her to mount the bridal-bed;
And proud Olympus' towering heights be thine:
For her, celestial pleasures I resign
Or grant, dread goddess, to thy suppliant's pray-
er,

A bride as sweet, and as divinely fair."
Such were the transports of the gazing throng.
And such their thoughts, as Hero pass'd along.

The translation, however, contains

some common-place epithets and faulty rhymes, which are a drawback on its general merit.

LETTERS OF THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

(Translated from the German.)

To Cardinal Herzan, Imperial Royal Mi-
nister in Rome.

MONSIEUR LE CARDINAL,—Since I have ascended the throne, and wear the first diadem in the world, I have made philosophy the legislator of my empire.

In consequence of its logic, Austria will assume another form, the authority of the Ulemas will be restricted, and the rights of majesty will be restored to their primitive extent. It is necessary I should remove certain things out of the domain of religion which never did belong to it.

As I myself detest superstition and the Sadducean doctrines, I will free my people from them; with this view, I will dismiss the monks, I will suppress their monasteries, and will subject them to the bishops of their diocese.

In Rome they will declare this an infringement of the rights of God: I know they will cry aloud, 'the greatness of Israel is fallen;' they will complain, that I take away from the people their tribunes, and that I draw a line of separation between dogma and philosophy; but they will be still more enraged when I undertake all this without the approbation of the servant of the servants of God.

To these things we owe the degradation of the human mind. A servant of the altar will never admit that the state is putting him into his proper place, when it leaves him no other occupation than the gospel, and when by laws it prevents the children of Levi from carrying on a monopoly with the human understanding.

The principles of monachism, from Pachomius up to our time, have been directly opposed to the light of reason; respect for their founders ultimately became adoration itself, so that we behold again the Israelites going up to Bethel, in order to adore golden calves.

These false conceptions of religion were transmitted to the common people; they no longer knew God, and expected every thing from their saints.

The rights of the bishops, which I will re-establish, must assist in reforming the ideas of the people; instead of the monk, I will have the priest to preach, not the romances of the canonised, but the holy gospel and morality.

I shall take care that the edifice, which I have erected for posterity, be durable. The general seminaries are nurseries for my priests; whence, on going out into the world, they will take with them a purified mind, and communicate it to the people by wise instruction.

Thus, after the lapse of centuries, we shall have Christians; thus, when I shall have executed my plan, the people of my empire will better know the duties they

owe to God, to the country, and to their fellow creatures; thus shall we yet be blessed by our posterity, for having delivered them from the overgrown power of Rome; for having brought back the priests within the limits of their duties; and for having subjected their future life to the Lord, and their present life to the country alone.

Vienna, October, 1781.

JOSEPH.

To Pope Pius VI.

Holy Father,—The religious funds in my states are not intended merely as a monument of my reign, as people in Rome are pleased to say, but as a blessing to the nation; and as their existence, with the displeasure excited thereby, belongs to the province of history, it will be transmitted to posterity without any effort of ours; consequently, it will become a monument of my reign, which I hope, however, will not be the only one.

I have suppressed the useless monasteries, as well as the still more useless brotherhoods: the funds proceeding from them I have destined for the endowment of the new curacies, and for better instruction in schools, and, except their administration, for which I must necessarily employ officers of the state, the funds of the state and those of the church have not the smallest connexion with each other. An act ought to be judged of, by considering its intention and its result, the latter of which can only be seen after the lapse of some years. But I perceive you have not the logic in Rome which is prevalent in my states; hence so much want of harmony between Italy and the German Empire. If your Holiness had taken pains to obtain from the proper sources information of what has been undertaken in my states, much trouble would have been avoided; but it appears to me there are people in Rome who wish that darkness should continue to overspread our hemisphere.

This is a brief statement of the motives of my arrangements. I hope you will excuse my brevity; I have neither time nor talents for writing a *thema*, particularly one so extensive as those which are usually met with in a *Roman Museum*.—I beg God, that he may preserve you longer to his church, and that he may cause one of his angels to pass before you to prepare your ways here below.

Your most obedient son in Christ,
Vienna, July, 1784.

JOSEPH.

To Tobias Philip, Baron Von Gebler, Bo-
hemian and Austrian Vice-Chancellor.

Mr. Vice-Chancellor,—The present system of taxation in my dominions, and the inequality of the taxes which are imposed on the nation, form a subject too important to escape my attention. I have discovered that the principles on which it is founded are unsound, and have become injurious to the industry of the peasant; that there is neither equality nor equity

between the hereditary provinces with each other, nor between individual proprietors, and therefore it can no longer continue.

With this view I give you the necessary orders to introduce a new system of taxation, by which the contribution, requisite for the wants of the state, may be effected without augmenting the present taxes, and the industry of the peasant, at the same time, be freed from all impediments.

Make these arrangements the principal objects of your care, and let them be made conformably to the plan which I have proposed, particularly as I have nominated you president of the Aulic commission, appointed for that purpose.

Adieu, Gebler! Hasten every thing that brings me nearer to the accomplishment of my plans for the happiness of my people, and, by your zeal, justify the respect which they have always had for your services.

Vienna, March, 1785.

JOSEPH.

To Madam * * *.

Madame,—I do not conceive that a monarch is bound to give any one of his subjects an appointment, merely because he is by birth a nobleman. Have you more weighty reasons for the request you have made, than those which I have just mentioned to you? Do you not say that your late husband was a meritorious general, and a cavalier of a distinguished house? and that from my generous disposition towards your family, you flatter yourself you shall obtain a company of infantry for your second son, who has just returned from his travels?

Madame! a man may be the son of a general, without possessing the least qualification for an officer;—a man may be a cavalier of a good family, without having any other merit, than that of being a nobleman merely by the effect of chance.

I know your son, and I know the qualifications requisite for an officer. From this knowledge I am convinced that your son has not the character of a military man, and that he is too much occupied with his birth, for me to expect from him such services as might one day be the boast of his country.

What I pity you for, Madame, is this, that your son is fit neither for an officer, a statesman, nor for a priest. In short, he is nothing but a nobleman, and this he is from the bottom of his heart.

Thank your good fortune, which, while it denied your son all talents, put him in possession of considerable estates, which sufficiently indemnify him, and, at the same time, render my services very superfluous.

I hope you will be impartial enough to perceive the causes which have forced from me a determination, which will very probably be disagreeable to you, but which I consider necessary.

Adieu, madame! Your very affectionate
Lachsenburg, Aug. 4, 1787.

JOSEPH.

To a Lady.

Madame,—You know my sentiments; you know that I choose the company of the ladies only as a recreation after my engagements, that I never sacrificed my principles to the fair sex, and that I seldom listen to their recommendations; if I do, it is only when a worthy man is their object, who indeed even without would not long remain unknown to me. Two of your sons are already established; the elder, who is not yet twenty years old, is a captain of cavalry in my army, and the younger has obtained, through the Elector, my brother, an ecclesiastical dignity in Cologne. What do you want more? Should, perhaps, the former be already a general, and the latter have a bishopric?

This was certainly once the fashion in France; even the Royal Princes commanded the armies in Spain at the age of eighteen. But they were also compelled, by General Stahremberg, to retreat; so that these gentlemen, as long as they lived, could comprehend no other manœuvre.

One must be sincere at Court, severe in the field, a stoic without harshness, and generous without being weak, and gain the esteem of our enemies by good actions;—these are my sentiments, Madame!

December, 1787.

JOSEPH.

Original Communications.

ON THE ORIGIN

OF THE FABULOUS HISTORY OF THE GRIFFIN.

'Monstrum horrendum.'—VIRGIL.

'Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo.'—TERENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

EVERY reader of the elder Pliny's natural history must consider that work as a most invaluable treasure of antiquity; but it is much to be lamented, that many parts of the text have been corrupted through frequent and unavoidable recopying. It cannot, however, be denied, that Pliny himself not unfrequently betrays too much carelessness in collecting facts, and too much ignorance in the science on which he writes. And, although he is one of my favourite ancient authors, yet I can by no means suppress this censure, of the justice of which I shall, I think, adduce sufficient proofs. I particularly allude to the passage in lib. 7. cap. 2. 'Not far from the very source of the north-east wind, or the place where the cave of that wind is said to be, and named Gesclitron, are found the Arimaspians, who, as we have before mentioned, are remarkable for having but one eye in the middle of their forehead, and frequently fight for the metals with the griffins, a species of winged beasts, as is commonly asserted, that dig gold from the mines;

these wild beasts watching of it, and the Arimaspians taking it from them, both with surprising avidity; as many authors, but particularly those illustrious writers Herodotus and Aristæus of Proconnesus assert.' Since Pliny gives his authorities, the two-fold absurdity of this passage—that of a race of men with only *one* eye, and that of a species of winged beasts that dig gold out of the earth, watch over it, and fight for it with mankind, seem to fall upon his predecessors. But we ought to suspend our judgment till both sides are heard. With this view, I have perused nearly the whole of Herodotus, in whose writings I have found three passages, only one of which, in all probability, Pliny had before him; and it may be proved, that the second of the above-mentioned absurdities arises from the hastiness and ignorance of that celebrated writer.

The first passage I shall quote, though not the first in order, is in Herodotus' History, lib. 4. 'Beyond there,' as the Issedones say, 'are men with one eye, and the Grypes, keepers of gold. From them the Scythians received this account, we from the Scythians, and, according to that language, we call them Arimaspians; for, with them, *arima* signifies *one*, and *spou* an *eye*.' The next passage is in lib. 3. 'Towards the north of Europe a great abundance of gold appears, but how it is procured I cannot certainly say. It is said to be taken by force from the Grypes by the Arimaspians, a one-eyed people. But I do not believe that men are born with one eye, and having, in other respects, a like form and nature with other men.'

Of these two passages Pliny had probably only the former before him; for had he duly considered the latter, he would have spoken with less certainty relative to the one-eyed people. On the other hand it is evident that Pliny entertained no doubts on the subject, and even increases the wonder by placing the single eye of this nation in their forehead, of which nothing is said in the account given by Herodotus. But even if Pliny could not discover the truth relative to this one-eyed nation, he ought not to have thus embellished the story, but should have known and declared that no race of one-eyed men any where existed.

Bochart conjectures, that this story arose from a name or epithet signifying that this nation, being skilled in the use of the bow, took aim by shutting one eye, and that hence their neigh-

hours might sarcastically call them the one-eyed nation. It is further to be remarked, that in both these passages not the least ground appears for supposing the griffins to be a species of winged beasts, as Pliny describes them; for, had he but referred to the following passage, which almost immediately precedes that he has quoted, as is that where Herodotus, lib. 4, himself cites Aristeas, he would not have deviated into these absurdities, relative to the nature of the griffin, or described it as a winged species of beast. This passage is as follows:—'But a different story is current both among the Greeks and barbarians; for Aristeas of Proconnesus, the son of Caustrobis, when writing verses, relates that he went to the country of the Issedones by the inspiration of Apollo; that the country beyond them is inhabited by the Arimaspians, a people with one eye; that beyond these are the Grypes, keepers of gold; and beyond them the Hyperboreans, who inhabit the sea-coast; all of whom, except the Hyperboreans, are, through the means of the Arimaspians, continually attacking their neighbours; and the Issedones are driven out by the Arimaspians, and the Scythians by the Issedones.'

This passage fully proves that the Griffins were not a species of beasts, but a people of Scythia; a people who inhabited a country, where gold was found, perhaps in the beds of the rivers, where it might be collected by the inhabitants, and sold to their neighbours the Arimaspians.

The latter also, perhaps, often attacked the former in order to plunder them of this precious metal, and hence the perpetual warfare that prevailed between them.

Thus, then, we discover the source of the errors of Pliny, who, through haste and ignorance of natural history, supposes the Arimaspians to have an eye in the forehead, metamorphoses a people into a species of beasts, and makes these beasts carry on a warfare with nations of men for treasures buried in the earth—of all which, not a single word is said by the very authors he himself quotes!

These passages I have adduced, because they shew the true and only foundation of the fabulous story of the Griffins, of which mention is made in various works of natural history, even in the present century; for Pliny having once asserted the existence of this wonderful beast, and the name being adopted in all languages, it

became very easy for our superstitious ancestors to add to the many wonderful properties it has been described to possess.

I. I. W.

A DROLL SAYING.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I should be glad could any of your valuable contributors give any particulars of the following singular saying, viz. 'Down fell the leaden two-pence, up jumped the wooden god, and away ran the devil.' The falling of the money must certainly have been very penetrating to the ears of the recumbent Dagon, who, it seems, was not less potent to frighten his Satanic majesty out of the reach of picking the two-pence up and pocketing it.

Your's, respectfully,

Feb. 16, 1822.

ANTIQ.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—The following letter, which has never before been published, was written in consequence of a person going to the Rev. Mr. Newton, to ask him for the use of his Bible, under peculiar circumstances of affliction. As it was asked for in the name, though without the authority, of the gentleman to whom this letter is addressed, the rev. minister found no difficulty in complying with it, and, as it will be understood, lost a book which he so highly valued.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry that I mentioned my Bible to you, as it has occasioned you so much trouble.

It was kind in you to interest yourself for its recovery, and I thank you. The person who imposed upon me was not your servant, nor was you responsible for him; but I am much obliged to you for the pains you took on my account.

Through mercy there is no scarcity of Bibles in my house,—that which I lost was valuable to me as a family book. The Bible you have sent me is a better than mine was—I will accept it with thanks, write your name in it and keep it, for your sake, if you will, likewise, favourably accept my Messiah which I send herewith. Ah, sir! the loss of the Bible would be great indeed, if it could not be replaced. It would be like losing the sun out of the system. It is the foundation of our hope, the rule of our life and the food of our souls. It directs us to a hiding place, a dwelling place, and a resting place. Would a worldling be pleased with a volume of Bank notes? A single promise of God's own word is worth more than them all. By the truths revealed in the Bible we have been brought to the knowledge of life and immortality, and

have derived help and comfort under trials, when the help of men and creatures would have been utterly in vain. By this light, I trust, you and I shall be guided through a wilderness world, till we arrive in the kingdom of glory: then our tears shall be wiped away, and we shall weep no more. Then we shall see those whom we best loved while here, who are gone a little before us, and are waiting for us, and, perhaps, by the Lord's appointment, are still watching over us. But what is still more, we shall see him whom we have received grace to love unseen.

May his blessing be with you and your's. Amen.

I am, sincerely, dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and

Obliged servant,

N. 6. 24 Oct. 92. JOHN NEWTON.

Original Poetry.

SKETCHES, No. I.
ETNA.

THE sky that hung o'er sainted Sicily
Glow'd with a warmer tint than it was wont,
And her light breezes, which at sun set, once
Fresh as rock water to the lip of thirst,
Came sweetly fanning off the heat of day
From flow'rs and shrubs that droop'd almost
to death,
And moisten'd them with dew, were scorched
with heat,
And wither'd all they hitherto had nourish'd:
At night, the gems of heav'n look'd bright—
then dim,
Like slow expiring embers, which the air
Lights up and darkens—revives, and then de-
stroys!
Anon, a rolling rumbling noise was heard,
And then a flash, as from a meteor, came,
And all again was dark, and still, and death-like!
The sky at length was overcast—and from
The gaping jaws of Etna, with a crash
Of thunder and an earthquake's shock, arose
Ten thousand fiery pinions, fierce and swift,
Like to a volley of the brightest spears
Shot in the days of chivalry! And then
As many columns of black smoke, each bas'd
On each, follow'd in quick succession 'till
The topmost one seem'd fix'd against the sky;
Then spread—and roll'd beneath it, till it broke
And ended in a shower of sparks and ashes!
A boiling, bubbling, hissing, crackling sound
Went thro' the air—and then a mighty crash—
When, from the crater's mouth, a spouting fire
Rush'd upward till it met its crowning clouds,
Then curl'd like heavy plumes, with many a flash
Of lightning darting from it; 'till, at last,
It fell into its womb, which boiling high,
O'erflow'd the brittle brim, and down the slope
Roll'd in a sweeping flood of liquid fire!
The earth beneath its fury groan'd and crack'd,
And cast its vapors up, till all around,
Blacker than blackest night, look'd like the
world
Ere light broke in upon it—and at last
The raging tide of sulphur, fire, and smoke,
Rolling till it had reach'd the mountain's base,
Buried the finest city that the world
Ere knew, beneath its agitated waves;
And all the morning's sun look'd down upon
Was one wide heap of ashy desolation!

WILFORD.

THE BACK SLUMS IN THE HOLY LAND.

You may boast of the joys of the east,
Of the frolicsome feats of the west;
You may go to the city to feast,
And seek an Elysian rest;
You may travel the hemisphere round
To behold what is lovely and grand,
But you never will meet with such ground
As—*'the slums in the Holy Land.'*

The pilgrim may sojourn afar,
And walk upon peas if he chuse;
The daring may run to the war,
The heir his inheritance lose;
The sycophant kneel to his lord,
The pope may his legates command;
But 'tis better in peace to be moored
At—*'the slums in the Holy Land.'*

Here the *cadgers* may throw off their guise,
Lame soldiers their crutches disdain,
The deaf have their hearing;—blind, eyes;—
Sailors, arms;—and the dumb speak again:
O, the sparkling Madeira to quaff!
When the flats we have daily trepann'd;
We sup, toast, and sing;—for their folly, we
laugh,
At—*'the slums in the Holy Land.'* P.

SONNET.

FAREWELL the cot and soft embowering shade,
The well-known haunt, the stream and silent
glade;
Whose rural ease its every blessing lent,
To crown my humble cottage with content!—
Where love's sweet passion first enchain'd my
breast,
And calm'd each thought to undisturbed rest!
Where friendship smil'd when buoyant youth
was gay,
And age confess'd and bless'd the sportive day;
When innocence, devoid of art or guile,
Shew'd in each look the light benignant smile.
Farewell!—for those dear scenes no more in-
vite
My ling'ring steps or charm my ravish'd sight;
For other views engage my weeping eye,
And draw, alas!—the sad, the length'ning sigh!
HATT.

POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE following is the Comparative Statement of the Population of the several Counties of England, and a Summary of that of Great Britain, in the Years 1801, 1811, and 1821, printed by order of the House of Commons:—

ENGLAND.			
Counties	1801.	1811.	1821.
Bedford -	63,393	70,213	83,716
Berks -	109,215	118,277	131,977
Buckingham	107,444	117,650	134,068
Cambridge	89,346	101,109	121,909
Chester -	191,751	227,031	270,098
Cornwall -	188,269	216,667	257,447
Cumberland	117,230	133,744	156,124
Derby -	161,142	185,487	213,333
Devon -	343,001	383,308	439,040
Dorset -	115,319	124,693	144,499
Durham -	160,361	177,625	207,673
Essex -	226,437	252,473	289,424
Gloucester	250,809	285,514	335,843
Hereford -	89,191	94,073	103,231
Hertford	97,577	111,654	129,714

Huntingdon	37,568	42,208	48,771
Kent -	307,624	373,095	426,016
Lancaster	672,731	828,309	1,052,859
Leicester -	130,081	150,419	174,571
Lincoln -	208,557	237,891	283,058
Middlesex -	818,129	953,276	1,144,531
Monmouth	45,582	62,127	71,833
Norfolk -	273,371	291,999	344,368
Northampton	131,757	141,353	162,483
Northum-berland	157,101	172,161	198,965
Nottingham	140,350	162,900	186,873
Oxford -	109,620	119,191	134,237
Rutland -	16,356	16,380	18,487
Salop -	167,639	194,298	206,266
Somerset -	273,750	303,180	355,314
Southampton	219,656	245,080	282,203
Stafford -	239,153	295,153	341,824
Suffolk -	210,431	234,211	270,542
Surrey -	269,043	323,851	398,658
Sussex -	159,311	190,083	232,927
Warwick -	203,190	228,735	274,392
Westmorland	41,617	45,922	51,359
Wilts -	185,107	193,828	222,157
Worcester	139,333	160,546	184,424
York, E. Rid.	139,433	167,353	190,709
— N. Rid.	155,506	152,445	183,694
— W. Rid.	563,953	653,315	800,848
Totals -	8,331,434	9,538,827	11,260,555

SUMMARY.

	1801.	1811.	1821.
ENGLAND	8,331,434	9,538,827	11,260,555
WALES -	541,546	611,788	717,108
SCOTLAND	1,599,068	1,805,688	2,092,014
Army, Na- vy, &c.	470,598	640,500	310,000
Totals -	10,942,646	12,596,803	14,379,677

Biography.

WALKING STEWART.

THE gentleman generally known by this designation died on Wednesday, at his apartments, in Northumberland Street, Strand. He was originally educated at the Charter-house, and afterwards went to India as writer in the service of the Hon. East India Company. He was employed as secretary to the Nabob of Arcot, and expended a large sum in giving official entertainments, by order of his master. At length, having acquired moderate means of subsistence, after travels through every part of the world except China, he returned to this country, and during the French revolution vested his money in the French funds. The vast depreciation in those funds, and the uncertainty of payment, reduced him to great distress; but he was kindly relieved by the husband of his departed sister. He then went to America, and supported himself some time by delivering lectures on moral philosophy. The peculiarity of his tenets, however, and the latitude of his

opinions on religious subjects, procur-
ed him few auditors, and he returned
to this country, deriving his resources
chiefly from 100l. a-year from France,
which was regularly paid to him
through Mr. Coutts, as he had agreed
to take that annual sum instead of an
annuity of 300l., for which he had ori-
ginally subscribed. On the projected
arrangement of the Nabob of Arcot's
affairs, he put in his claims, and,
after references to the competent au-
thorities in the East Indies, there
was an award in his favour to the
amount of eighteen thousand pounds.
He disposed of a considerable part
of that property, securing himself
an annuity of six hundred pounds, on
which he lived sparingly himself, but
with liberality to his friends, giving pe-
riodical dinners, and, latterly, concerts
every evening to his friends, and all
whom they thought proper to introduce
to him. His doctrines were founded
wholly on materialism, but he always
inculcated philanthropy and moral du-
ty. He intitled the first work that he
published in this country, 'Travels
to discover the Polarity of Moral
Truth.' He was an enemy to the in-
fliction of pain of every kind, and a
zealous friend to universal benevo-
lence. When he first returned to this
country, he appeared in Armenian at-
tire, and attracted notice by a long
beard; and when he assumed the Eu-
ropean dress, he affected singularity,
not from vanity, but to excite atten-
tion to his person, as it might lead to
an inquiry into his doctrines, which
he considered as of the utmost import-
ance to sensitive matter in the human
shape, or in any other form. He was ge-
nerally considered an Atheist; but if
that was the fact, he concealed his opi-
nions of late years, and, devoting his
Sunday evening concerts wholly to sa-
cred music, it was evident that he did
not wish to shock the feelings of those
who differed from him in religious prin-
ciples. He was universally known in
all parts of the civilized world, which
he had visited in turn, always in walk-
ing, never entering a carriage except
in case of absolute necessity. His
journeys would have been highly inter-
esting if he had published an account
of them, but he disdained the usual
pursuits of travellers, constantly an-
swering inquiries as to the manners,
customs, &c., of the various countries
which he visited, by stating that his
were travels of the mind, in order to
ascertain and develop the polarity of
moral truth.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 13, 'The Marriage of Richard, Duke of York, second son of King Edward IV. with Lady Ann Mowbray,' James Northcote, R. A. This picture, painted by an artist who is venerable both on account of his age and his services in the arts, is intended as a companion to the 'Burial of the Princes in the Tower,' which was exhibited in the Royal Academy last year. In boldness of outline, vividness of conception, and richness of colouring, it is perhaps equal to the best efforts of this painter, and is an admirable proof that we still possess an artist who ranks high in the historical branch of the art.

No. 26, 'Edinburgh from the base of Arthur's seat,' W. Linton. Perhaps the best comment on this picture was its being at once recognized by a Scotch friend who accompanied us to the exhibition, and who declared the painting to possess much local truth; in vigour of colouring, however, we thought it rather deficient.

No. , 'Scene on the Thames below London Bridge,' by the same artist, is an excellent picture; the choice of the subject is good, the view a very pleasing one, and the colouring rich and mellow. While on the subject of the Thames we may as well notice

No. 78, 'View on the Thames near Battersea,' Charles Deane; a point of view more romantic and equally interesting as that of Mr. Linton. Mr. Deane is an artist of considerable promise, and we have been much pleased with his present picture, which exhibits considerable freedom as well as correctness in the colouring.

No. 206, 'View on the Thames, looking towards Waterloo Bridge,' by the same artist, does not please us quite so much as the preceding picture, though there is much fidelity of detail and chasteness of colouring in the picture, if we except the water, which does not resemble that of the Thames. We are aware, however, that water does take much of its hue from the sky, and the bright sunny sky might lead Mr. Deane into an extreme of colouring in the water.

No. 14, 'Scene at Broxley,' and No. 16, two landscapes by J. Stark, are very creditable performances.

No. 53, 'Retirement,' James Lonsdale, is a very finely conceived and finely executed study.

No. 65, 'The Embankment,' J. F. Ellis. An excellent marine painting, exhibiting a piece of good sea colouring, a boldly flowing surge, upon which a ship, gallantly rigged, rides in daring confidence. The castle and quay have an air of quiet, which finely contrasts with the turbulent waves beneath. There is a sobriety in the shadows and colouring, which admirably harmonizes with the subject.

No. 100, 'A View of London from Somerset House Stairs,' T. C. Hofland. It is one of the errors of a young preacher to choose a long text, of a young artist to select a complicated subject; there are more pictures spoiled by an excess than by a paucity of objects. Mr. Hofland, who had a very pleasing exhibition of his own pictures last year, is an artist of too good taste and of too much experience to err in this respect; the objects in the picture are few, but they are well selected, and it is a light and cheerful picture; the delineation is accurate; the water clear and in good harmony with the sky; the dome of St. Paul's and other buildings excellent in themselves, and very cleverly exhibited in reflection in the water.

No. 116, 'Morrison's Haven, near Edinburgh,' John Wilson. In this picture we see combined a breadth and clearness of effect, a grouping of objects in good taste, and a fine ærial perspective.

No. 118, 'Oporto,' Douglas Guest. 'This view is taken from an eminence between the city and St. John's, and exhibits a faithful representation of the River D'Ouro Porto, part of Massarello's and Villa Nova, with the Siara Convent on the opposite side.' Such is the description of this picture in the catalogue—of its correctness we cannot speak, knowing nothing of Oporto but its wines. It is, however, a pleasing picture.

No. 130, 'A Scene at Brecon, South Wales,' painted on the spot; and No. 130, 'A Sketch from Nature,' are two clever and really beautiful studies, by Mr. Hofland, finished in his usually happy and correct style.

No. 134, 'Medora watching the return of Conrad,' H. Corbould. The artist has in this picture attempted, and with good success, to embody the following passage from Lord Byron's *Corsair* :—

— Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wander'd heedless of the spray
That dash'd her garments oft and warn'd away.

No. 279, 'Celebration of the Coronation at Newcastle-upon-Tyne,' H. P. Parker. We understand that this is the first exhibition of a young artist; if so, we congratulate him on his talents, as the subject is one which would present considerable difficulties to an experienced artist, but has been well executed by Mr. Parker. The tumultuous motion of the assembled multitude is well and powerfully expressed, and proves that the subject was conceived with a painter's feeling. The picture, which exhibits a fountain whose streams were, on that auspicious day, nothing meaner than wine, is said to exhibit several well-known eccentric characters; be this as it may, there is sufficient general effect in the picture to give it interest, and to direct the artist to select subjects less local. It is no mean compliment to Mr. Parker to say, that, in some of his episodic groups, he reminded us of that master of the satirical art, Hogarth.

DRAWINGS IN SOHO SQUARE.

We have hitherto been able to take only a bird's-eye view of this valuable collection of drawings, which exhibits not only the perfection but the progress of drawing and water-colour painting, from the earliest period of the art to the present day.

It is not, however, to British artists the exhibition is confined, since we here meet with a number of sketches and drawings of the old masters, exhibiting their thoughts, original and unstudied. We shall enter more in detail on this exhibition next week.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—The new opera, *Montrose, or the Children of the Mist*, continues to be played every evening to crowded houses. Love of spectacle and song, for which the present era must certainly be distinguished, is so amply cultivated in this drama, that we shall not be surprised, if, contrary to our first impression, this piece continues long in public favour. Mr. Liston has been compelled by hoarseness to resign for a short time the character of Captain Dalgetty.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—*Life in London* has been re-produced, with considerable additions and improvements. Several of the original performers in this piece are now playing at other theatres, but it is, notwithstanding, extremely well played, and is received, night after night, with increased approbation.

Literature and Science.

The Seasons.—Every one remarks the extraordinary change in the seasons of the year. When we observe, as it has recently happened, that, in the depth of winter, trees bear a second crop of fruit, and nosegays are gathered of summer flowers, we cannot but say that 'this is wondrous strange.' Laplace, in his *Système du Monde*, and others, have said something on this subject, which, at this moment, *valet quantum*, may be worth repeating:—

'We find from the testimony of ancient writers, that Britain, Germany, and France, were much colder than at present, and that their great rivers were annually frozen over. Astronomy teaches us that, since this period, the obliquity of the earth's position has been considerably diminished. Astronomy teaches us also, that the earth is now in its progress, and that the poles are every year becoming more and more perpendicular to the ecliptic. It is exceedingly probable, from many considerations, that their obliquity will gradually diminish, until the Equator coincides with the Ecliptic: the nights and days will then become equal on the earth throughout the year, and probably the seasons also.'

The author of 'The Mystery, or Forty Years Ago,' and of 'Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes,' is about to come forward with a tale entitled 'Lollardy,' founded on the persecutions which marked the opening of the fifteenth century. It comprehends that stormy but interesting period, when the subjects of this country, who presumed to read the Bible in their vernacular tongue, were liable to be hanged as traitors to the king, and burned as heretics to God. The sufferings of the celebrated John Huss, who was consigned to the flames at Constance, in violation of a safeguard granted to him by the Emperor Sigismund, will be introduced, as well as those of the illustrious Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, and it will furnish some local curiosities, describing, from authentic sources, London as it then was, with sketches of the manners, customs, and mode of living of its inhabitants.

Comparative Nutritive Properties of Food.—During the last year, a very interesting report on this subject was presented to the French Minister of the Interior, by Messrs. Percy and Vauquelin, two Members of the Institute. The result of their experiments is as follows: In bread every hundred pounds weight are found to contain eighty pounds of nutritious matter; butcher's meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only thirty-five pounds

in one hundred; French beans (in the grain), ninety in one hundred; broad beans, eighty-nine; pease, ninety-three; lentilles (a kind of half pea, but little known in England), ninety-four pounds in one hundred; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only eight pounds of solid nutritious substance in one hundred; carrots, fourteen pounds; and what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, one hundred pounds of potatoes only yield twenty-five pounds of substance valuable as nutrition. One pound of good bread is equal to two pounds and a half or three pounds of the best potatoes; and seventy-five pounds of bread and thirty pounds of meat are equal to three hundred pounds of potatoes; or to go more into detail, three quarters of a pound of bread and five ounces of meat are equal to three pounds of potatoes; one pound of potatoes is equal to four pounds of cabbage, and three of turnips; but one pound of rice, broad beans, or French beans (in grain), is equal to three pounds of potatoes. This calculation is considered perfectly correct, and may be valuable in families, where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

Turning the Tables.—Mrs. Agnes Ibbetson, in a very curious paper in the last number of the Philosophical Magazine, 'On the Flower-Buds of Trees passing through the wood, as noticed by Cicero and Pliny,' has advanced a new and extremely ingenious theory to account for the extraordinary prices paid by the Romans for tables of the Bruscum and Moluscum woods. From six to ten thousand sesterces were frequently given for tables not larger than the ladies' tables which were in fashion with us a few years' since; 'even the grave Cicero himself,' says Mrs. I., 'gave, and, I think, boasts of giving, eight thousand for a set.' It became, accordingly, common with the ladies of Rome, when reproached by their husbands with the expense of their jewels and ornaments, to remind them, in turn, of the sums they lavished on their tables; they were thus said to 'turn the tables on them,' and hence the phrase. Mrs. I. shews pretty clearly that by the words *bruscum* and *moluscum*, the Romans meant indiscriminately any wood that was remarkably spotted or variegated; and that it was an excellence not peculiar to any one tree but to be occasionally met with

in the maple, (both Italian and French) the citron, the yew, the ash, the beech, the lime, and perhaps in all trees. A knowledge of the particular time when trees may be expected to exhibit such figured appearances, appears to have been a secret confined to a very few, who, by thus having the command of the market, contrived to keep up the prices, which could never otherwise have risen to the enormous height they did. To the discovery of this secret, Mrs. I. has been led by her researches in support of a theory which she has the honour of originating, and of contending for, in opposition to some of the first botanists of the age—namely, *that the buds of trees all ascend from the root*. Willdenow thought that they were formed in the bark; Mr. Knight says, that they originate in the alburnum next the bark; Dr. Hamel gives no decided opinion on the subject. Pliny's description of the Bruscum, says Mrs. Ibbetson 'immediately brought to my mind the different figures of the roots of various trees when cut down at the proper season; for this does not last above a fortnight or three weeks at most in any tree, but if taken within that time, most roots form a very beautiful picture.' This our fair botanist contends is owing to the various grouping of the buds as they are about to start, or have started from the root on their progress up the different layers of the wood to the exterior; and she has illustrated her position by drawings of several specimens in her own possession of wood cut down at that period, which answer exactly to the descriptions of the bruscum and moluscum given by Pliny and Cicero. The whole of Mrs. I.'s paper is extremely curious, and is well deserving the attention not only of the naturalist but of all to whom beauty in woods is an object of interest.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

The Clerical Almanack of France, for 1822, states the number of priests in actual employment to be 35,268, of whom 14,870 are above sixty years of age: 4156 have been ordained during the last year.

Singular ancient Application of a Pig's Tail.—In the Museo Borbonico, a magnificent establishment, in which is deposited the greater part of the curiosities found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were formerly at Por-

ticii, there is, amongst other singular articles, a sun-dial, the gnomon of which is the *posteriors of a pig*, whose tail stands erect and projects its shadow on the hour circle.

Chocolate.—An advertisement in 'The Public Advertiser,' from Tuesday, June 16, to Tuesday, June 22, 1657, informs us, that 'in Bishopsgate Street, in Queen's Head Alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink, called chocolate, to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade, at reasonable rates.'

Coffee.—In a number of the Public Advertiser, for May 26, 1657:—'In Bartholomew Lane, on the back side of the Old Exchange, the drink called coffee is advertised, as to be sold in the morning and at three of the clock in the afternoon.'

Anecdote of Nell Gwynn.—The early part of the life of the celebrated Eleanor Gwynn, is but little known; yet, having a pleasing voice, she used to go from tavern to tavern, to amuse different companies with songs; her voice procured her an engagement at Drury Lane, where King Charles first saw her; and she kept her influence over him to the last day of his life; for, not many hours before he died, he begged of the Duke of York 'to be mindful of poor Knell!' She was neither avaricious, nor ever meddled in matters of moment; she was a very great annoyance to Mademoiselle Kerouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, for she never met her that she did not make grimaces at her, of which Mademoiselle K. made bitter complaints to the king, who only laughed and said, 'then, why don't you make mouths at her again?' She resided at a splendid house in St. James's Square. In this house she died, in the year 1691, and was interred in the parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. She died a true penitent, and, through the course of her life, she never let the wretched ask in vain.

Harpour.—a harper. In the act of resumption, 28 Hen. 6, there is a proviso in favour of John Turges, *harpour*, with the queen for the reversion of an annuity of ten marks, after the death of William Langton, *minstrel*.

Chantry.—An endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass agreeably to the appointment of the founder. There were thirty-five of these chantries established at St. Paul's, which were served by fifty-four priests.

Agreeable Reading.—Mr. Hogg, in his Life, tells us this anecdote of a man of Eskdalmuir. He had borrowed Bailey's Dictionary from his neighbour, and, on returning it, the lender asked him what he thought of it. 'I dinna ken, man,' replied he, 'I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book that ever I saw in my life!'

Aphorisms from M. Say's *Aperçus des Hommes*.—In political affairs there are two ways of turning talent to account; some sell themselves, whilst others disinterestedly devote themselves to the public cause. The former is the most expeditious plan; the latter the most honourable, and, perhaps, when duly considered, it will be found the most certain of the two.

There is one infallible method of judging of the honesty of men in power. Call to mind the old proverb—*tell me with whom you associate and I'll tell you what you are*. Merely alter one or two words. . . Can you not guess my meaning?—*Tell me to whom you give places?* . . . Aye! now you have it.

Women and great men constantly pretend to love truth. Go and tell it them, and judge how well they like it.

Tyrants, as well as thieves, fear those contrivances which reflect light. When imposture reigns simple truth is seditious.

Terror being the greatest punishment which tyrants can endure, the most unpardonable crime in their eyes is to terrify them.

Custom is the law of ordinary minds, as proverbs constitute the moral code of the vulgar; proverbs are, however, far preferable to custom.

Music without singing is merely a noise made by a succession of measured sounds.

The finest ode offers no instruction and but little amusement; it is the sonata of literature. What then is an ill-written ode?

There is as much difference between a thinking man and a mere scholar, as between a book and a table of contents.

What is a Quack? A man who gets up on hustings for the purpose of selling his drugs. . . . This idea, sir, is too bold, it must be suppressed. It will be said, that under the term hustings, you include an academic chair, a tribune, a pulpit, or any kind of elevated situation from which one may speak aloud and be heard at a distance.

Dubbed.—created a knight: the phrase is derived from the stroke with a sword or otherwise; or of *douber*, or *dubban*, to gird.

Luxuries.—Turkies, or guinea-cocks, were first brought into England in the reign of Henry VIII. It was much about the same time that carp and pippins were brought from beyond sea by Leonard Mascall, of Plumstead, in Kent. In 1578, apricots were brought from Italy. The same country gave England melon-seeds, in the reign of James I. Nearly at the same period, the large fine pale gooseberry was brought from Flanders, with salads and cabbages. It was not till the era of the restoration that asparagus, artichokes, oranges, lemons, and cauliflower were known in England.

Advertisement.

This day is published, price 9s. boards, COTTU on the CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE of ENGLAND and the SPIRIT of the ENGLISH GOVERNMENT, translated from the French, with Additional Notes. Printed for RICHARD STEVENS, No. 39, and CHARLES READER, 29, Bell Yard, Lincoln's Inn.

M. Cottu went the Northern Circuit with Judge Bailey, and was materially assisted in his views by Mr. Scarlett and Mr. now Sir C. Grey, a Judge at Madras, to whom and other eminent Professional Gentlemen, his work was submitted, previous to publication.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of Wilford, Dalby, Hatt, E. B., G. B., and Calipash, shall have insertion. Americana, No. IV., in our next.

If J. W. turn to No. 132 of *The Literary Chronicle*, he will find a review of Dr. Kitchen's excellent little work, 'the Art of invigorating Life,' &c. We thank J. W. for his offer, and shall be happy to receive the communications he offers. A notice of novelties in literature or science will find ready insertion in *The Literary Chronicle*.

'S. T. R., an author,' is informed that his volume has not reached us. If publishers and authors wish for an early notice of their works, they are requested to forward a copy as soon as published.

Erratum, p. 77, col. 1, l. 37, for 'was cold' read 'was never cold.'

We are assured by Mr. Reid, the author of the *Voyages to Botany Bay*, that we were wrong in attributing profligacy to the crew and female convicts of the ship in which he sailed.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.